

MONDAY, JUNE 19, 1865.

Letter from the 13th Regiment.

CAMP HARKER, NEAR NASHVILLE,
June 12, 1865.

Editors Gazette:—To-day the camp of the 13th is full of rumors in reference to the future of the regiment. A few days ago and the men in blue talked joyously of home, and visions came of glad welcome of snowy table cloth and home-made pies, of coffee poured by gentle woman's hand, of wifely smile and children's prattle not yet forgot in God's great North. But now an order comes for the veterans to be up and off for New Orleans. And now what down-cast looks, now and then, too, a complaint that those who came so soon and remained so long must still remain while the new recruits and "subs," many of them with "big bounties" who staid at home nearly through the war, and now with "good clothes and few months service" go home. In short, plans are sadly disarranged, for home seemed so near since the rebel armies are scattered and treason's power broken, that the absent one fancied himself almost there, and the days seemed twice as long as heretofore while waiting, waiting like one waiting for a railroad train. The men whose term of service expires before Oct. 1st, will be mustered out at once, which will reduce the number of men in the regiment nearly two hundred.

It is said that the paymasters are on hand or soon will be, which is glorious news for we have not been paid for seven months, and even a sight at a greenback is a privilege not easily attained out at present. Duty has never been as light before as it has been since the regiment has been attached to the 4th corps. The hundred and sixty miles marching in East Tennessee, was easily done, marching being an old story with the 13th. It is heavy garrison and interior guard duty that tells upon the patience and health of men.

Many new officers have been commissioned in the regiment since January 1st, nearly without exception men of experience in the "art military" and have the confidence and esteem of the men. Few regiments, I am confident, have officers of greater unanimity of effort in the nation's cause, of more cordial fellowship with each other, or enlisted men of truer patriotism and high soldierly bearing than this.

Last week I returned from a flying visit to Huntsville, Ala., via Decatur.

About one-third of the land formerly under the plow, now cultivated, fences gone mostly and fields grown to weeds. Corn and cotton, the principal crops. Rejected mules and broken down government horses generally used for agricultural purposes. Colored people of both sexes and all ages nearly, at work in corn and cotton. Now and then a returned rebel dropping corn and "de lady ob color" following him and covering it with earth; sturdy gray backs and black women hoe corn together. The blacks have run away from many plantations, and returned rebels must do their own work or hire it done. Negro labor is in demand at \$15 to \$25 per month and board. They are planting corn in some places; in others it is full two feet high. Wheat is headed out and soon will be ready for harvest. Strawberries and cherries are nearly gone for this year, and early apples are nearly ripe enough to eat. At Athens, Pulaski, Columbia, Franklin and other places, there was quite a little stir when the train stopped. There were peddlars, black, white and mixed; men, women and children with butter, milk, sausage, pies "pegged or sewed," ginger cakes, lemonade, or apples.

Yanks and rebels are plenty,—now and then one of the latter wearing still his military rig and insignia of rank. The towns look the worse for the wear and tear of war and government wagons. The citizens appear at length to be accustomed to the "mud sills" of the North, and have concluded that the "Yanks" are an evil not to be feared, killed, or cured, therefore to be endured.

Soldiers, though not in such numbers as heretofore, guarding the bridges along the Railroad and scrambling for the newspapers from the U. S. C. Commission which I tossed from the car window into every squad. Johnnies coming home rapidly, glad enough to get back to Tennessee. Seem disposed generally to behave. Say that the days of the confederacy are ended and slavery "played out."

Quite a crowd of them looking roughly, sadly, and withal a little sheepishly at a picture hanging near the depot door, of the illustrious "President Jeff." alias old lady, astride the fence, hoop head, bonnet agog, cavalry boots in remote juxtaposition, the fractious creature flourishing her butcher knife and exclaiming our kind uncle's barbarity.

A beautiful country the whole distance from Nashville to Huntsville, a distance of one hundred and forty-seven miles. Frequent springs and rock-bedded streams of good water; mountain, valley, and plain; pretty groves and gently undulating fields; countless varieties of trees and flowers. Nature has lavished here her gifts. A country is here which for variety, beauty, and climate an angel might covet. False and foolish is the impression that this is "too far south" for "whites to flourish"; that this is a climate fit only for blacks. The Yankees would make of it, with free labor, an "Eden land."

The vile system which has built the planter's stately mansion, poor white trash hovel and negro hut will speedily give place to that thousand fold better one which builds the common school house and country chapel, and which cherishes the interests not of the few at the expense of the many, but seeks to lift the lowest to a truer and a higher life.

Huntsville, Alabama, is smiling and pretty still, though of narrower limits than

a year ago. Every thing that could be obtained without pulling down the houses of the poor or the rich has been used for soldiers' shanties. The North Alabama college walls, in process of erection when the war commenced, and had cost \$35,000, are now held in memory by miles of soldiers' chimneys, standing monuments of good times bygone, when the 4th corps rested from its labors after the battle of Nashville.

Every Academy is a pile of brickbats. Some beautiful residences have now no tasteless picket fence, and the garden flowers bloom to be browsed by cattle without restraint. The fine building of the Huntsville Female College is still used as a hospital, and the haughty student ladies are now taught to hate the Yankees by teachers fitted to such teaching, in the mansion of the millionaire, Calhoun. Said ladies are the daughters of the chivalry, and fit daughters of fit sires for hauteur and stately toss of the head, for despicable airs and pretensions of high birth and rank which prevailed here in the lathsome kinds of social life, the concentrated essence of the quintessence of the lightening of the civilization of which was aristocracy and slavery.

The magnates and the poor trash, the daughter of the lordly slaveholder and of the laboring, negress white man were separated completely as by the great gulf between Lazarus and Dives.

Visited Chaplain Stokes, of the 18th Wisconsin; contraband camps near the city; about four hundred acres under cultivation; corn and cotton look well; blacks work cheerfully though lunkingly; have good gardens and free from weeds; like the Chaplain and Yanks in general; "nether seed sich times after when ole Massas 'bout har. Bress de Lor, de day ob liberty's comin run nuff;" plantation is nearly level and yet washes badly during heavy rains; Government furnishes rations and mules.

Wooden mould board plows!! Yes sir, there they are piled up near the old blacksmith's shop, rejected as not fit for use by a Wisconsin man. You may just sit right down, run out your tongue, look twice and once converse with the wooden mould plows of Alabama, and laugh right out with mouth stretched from ear to ear, at the fading grandeur of the South.

Went to Whitesburg, a place long to be remembered as headquarters of Companies K, B and A, of the 13th, last summer.

A small part only of two plantations under cultivation the whole distance of ten miles from Huntsville to the Tennessee river. Fences entirely gone both sides of the well built macadamized pike, and the land which was once cultivated like a garden, lies a wild waste of weeds and briars. Few signs of human life are seen save a squad of greasy, smutty and half-ashamed looking rebels met near the Tennessee river, coming home to take the oath and quit their efforts to exterminate the Yankees; and at Whitesburg, a half dozen or so poor squalid creatures mostly sick, in the three rickety houses remaining there where once was a thriving little town.

At Huntsville spent an hour in the office and garret of the Clays. H. L. an editor, C. C. Jr., formerly United States Senator and now in the hands of the United States authorities, and C. C. Clay, Judge, Governor of Alabama and United States Senator. Months ago I spent whole days in that old garret among cords of books and documents, and for nearly two years have been at every opportunity looking over in cellars, garrets and printing offices, the rebels' record, with no very exalted ideas of Southern politicians.

Treason's den was that old garret of the Clays. Documents there from all parts of the South, some of which would shame a dog if such a result could be produced by political trickery.

Out upon the great, high-souled "Southern Chivalry!" The sooner we call things by their true names the better for us. Braggadocio knaves and cut throat scoundrels are better terms to use of that class whose blood hound kindness and Andersonville Christianity it has taken us four years to learn as yet but in part.

Had we cleaned out this country twenty years ago as one would clean out an old stable, the general health would have been better. Let us not in the joy of victory, be too eager to embrace the unrepentant prodigals, nor forget the gigantic crime and monster criminals whose fearful work has buried two hundred thousand patriot men on Southern battle plains, or left their bones to whiten on the Southern hills.

J. I. Poor, Chaplain 13th Wis.

SHERIDAN'S MODESTY.—It appears that Phil Sheridan, who is a lion in battle, is the most timid of men among the ladies. A writer in *Hours at Home* gives some reminiscences of Sheridan as quartermaster of the army of the southwest, operating under General Curtis in Missouri and Arkansas, at the beginning of the war, and among other things tells the following:

"Sheridan's modesty amounted to bashfulness, especially in the presence of the gentler sex. His life having been passed on the frontier, among Indians or at some solitary post, it was not at all surprising that our quartermaster should hesitate when urged to go where ladies might be expected. If by chance he found himself in such a gathering, he was sure to shrink into an obscure corner and keep silent. We remember an amusing incident of his bashfulness. He became attached to a young lady at Springfield, where he was engaged in sending supplies to the army. Desirous of showing her some attention, he was altogether too modest to venture on such a step. Finally he hit upon an expedient. He had a gay young clerk, Eddy, in his office, whom he intended to take the young lady out riding, while he (Sheridan) furnished the horses. The modest little captain could often be seen looking with pleasure on this arrangement. Counting by proxy seemed to please him as much as if it had been done by himself. What the result was we never learnt. We think it most probable Eddy carried off the prize."

All the rebel governors who have been arrested and forwarded to Washington, have been released on parole, excepting Governor Vance and Ex Governor Leche. The list includes Watts, of Alabama, Smith of Virginia, and McGrath of South Carolina. It is said that Vance and Leche will soon be released.

AN EASTERN JUGGLER.

While traveling through India, between Surat and Nagpore, my body servant one day informed me that a great juggler and snake charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his wonderful skill.

"What can he do?" I asked. "Almost everything that is marvellous," I've been told," was the answer I received. "Admit him." My servant withdrew, and returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing very remarkable, except his eyes, which were small, black, and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know that the man could see in the dark, like a cat; but there were at times that peculiar fiery appearance of the balls which is often observed in the night-visioning animals. He wore a white vest, Turkish trousers, a sort of crimson petticoat worked with strange devices, a turban of many colors, and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, and with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judged to be rising of sixty, and his short moustache was almost white. He made a low salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindoostanee. "Pannjar, your excellency." "I am told that you wish to show me some wonders?"

"If your excellency wills." "Well, what can you do?" "I suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss into my lap, keeping hold of one end so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me, at least ten feet, saying, as he did so—

"Will your excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it, as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—say it came towards me, saw it unroll, and apparently drop into my lap, so that I caught my knees quickly together to catch it—and yet when I put my hand down to take it and looked down for it, it was not there—nothing was there and at the same instant I perceived the juggler balancing it on the end of his finger.

"Pshaw!" said I, "you deceived me by making me believe you threw it towards me." "Does your excellency think I have it?" he asked; and before I could answer, I saw, in place of the ball, a large, beautiful rose, which he was balancing by the stem, and yet, he had not altered his position, and scarcely stirred his finger.

I began to be astonished. While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a large cup, and in his left, a rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose down on the ground and placed the cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table with its false top, concealed apartments, and other contrivances, perhaps, to effect the change, as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted up for the magician for the purpose—but only my own quarters, in the full, bright light of day, with myself sharply watching him within five feet and my attendants grouped around almost as near. Having covered the rose with the cup, as I would be willing to make oath—for I saw the rose distinctly, as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjurer resumed his former place and said—

"Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?" Of course I would have wavered a moment, because, expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after the hand had let go of the cup at the top. I complied with his request, stepped forward and raised the cup; but instantly dropped it with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the red rose, was one of the little, green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and ready for a spring, with its small glittering eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror; and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who, with cries of alarm, enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"No more such tricks as these, conjurer," said I, sternly. "It is perfectly harmless, your Excellency," grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it up by the neck, putting its head into his mouth, and allowing it to run down his throat. I shuddered, and half believed the juggler possessed of a devil, if not a devil himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next, the ball of twine again. "Where these things came from, or went to, I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing near his dress, either when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake, it was gone, and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up! It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind.

Through the brass tube the conjurer now passed one end of the twine, which he put between his lips, threw back his head, and held it, perpendicularly, with the ball of twine on the upper end. Then suddenly the ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and evidently grow smaller till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had been run off on a reel. What turned it or where it went to, no one could see. The juggler then set the tube the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top, but apparently of ribbon, of half an inch in width and of different colors. This rolled up, as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel of two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He next reproduced what appeared to be the same cup I had lifted from the snake, showed something that looked like an eye, advanced the same as before, and placed the latter on the ground and, some time after, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing it should see another serpent, or something equally horrifying.

"Will any one lift the cup?" he said, turning to the others. No one volunteered to do so, but all rather drew back. At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it into the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took the bird in his hand, muttered over some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth, and that was the last I saw of that also.

He performed some other tricks similar to these, and concluded with the mysterious bag. This bag—which somehow came into his hands, as did all other things, used, in a manner unknown to myself—was from two to three feet long and about a foot wide. It looked as if it had been used to hold some kind of flour, and I certainly saw something like the dust of flour fly from it when he turned it inside out and beat it

across his hands. He turned it back again, and tied up the mouth of it with a string, muttering a low incantation all the time. This done, he threw it on the ground, and stamped on it, tramping it all out flat with his feet. He then stepped back a few paces and requested us all to fix our eyes upon it. We did so; and after a lapse of perhaps thirty seconds, we saw it begin to swell and puff out a blubber when being expanded with wind. It continued to swell till every part became distended, and it appeared as round and as solid as a ball of wool. Its solidity, however, was only apparent—for when the juggler went up and placed his foot on it, it yielded to the pressure, but immediately sprang back, or rounded out, as soon as that was removed. He then jumped on it with both feet, and flattened it all out as at first. He then went away again; and the bag, being left to itself as before, again began to rise or inflate, but this time as if some animal like a cat were inside it. In fact I could see where there appeared to be legs; and then, to my utter amazement, I may almost say horror, it began to move toward me, as if impelled by the unknown something in it. I do not think I am a coward—my worst enemy has never accused me of being one, at least—but I confess that on this occasion my nerves would not let me remain passive, and I retreated from the advancing mystery, and informed the magician that I had seen enough to satisfy me of his wonderful occult powers. At this he smiled grimly, walked up to the bag and trod it down again, picked it up and beat it with his right hand across his left, caused it to unaccountably disappear from my sight, and then made his concluding salaam.

"If your excellency wills, I shall now have the honor of showing you how I can charm wild serpents," said the necromancer.

I had heard something of this wonderful power, and was desirous of seeing it displayed. Accordingly myself and two attendants all repaired to an open field at no great distance, where, after some search, Pannjar discovered a hole, in which he said he doubted not there was a snake.

"But before I call him forth," he proceeded, "I must be assured that some one of sufficient courage will stand ready to cut him down when I give the signal; otherwise, should he prove to be a cobra capella, my life may be sacrificed."

"I will myself undertake that business," said I, drawing my sword. "The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a doubt, and yet not eager to risk his life on the strength of my nerves, after the display of timidity I had already made. I thought I read all this in the man's face, and I said very positively—

"Never fear, good sir! I will cut down whatever you bring up this time, be it snake or devil!"

"My life is at your excellency's mercy," bowed the man, with a show of humility. "Remember the signal. When I raise my hand above my head, may the blow be swift, sure and deadly!"

He then gave his whole attention to the business before him. Putting an instrument, not unlike a small flagpole, to his lips, he began to play a shrill, monotonous, disagreeable sound on the shrill, monotonous, riveted upon the hole in the ground; and soon after, to my utter astonishment, though I should have been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, the dread cobra di capella, the most poisonous of all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth, with its spectacled eyes fixed steadily upon the strange musician, who began to retreat backwards slowly, a step at a time, the snake following him.

When at length, in this manner, he had drawn the hideous creature some ten or fifteen feet from its hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the serpent raised itself on its tail, as when about to make its deadly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the charmer gave me the signal to strike. Guarded and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending its head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might have been about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I have its skin still in my possession. I gave the man a couple of gold mohurs and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my excellency any quantity of good luck. I was perfectly satisfied too, and would not have missed seeing what I did that day for ten times the amount paid.

The Value of Wool.

By permission of Eli Stilson, Esq., we publish the following extract from a letter, received by him, from one of the most prominent and intelligent wool growers in the country. If his views are correct, farmers should not be in a hurry to market their wool this season. We extract as follows:—

"I expect you have seen the resolution passed at the Ohio shearing at Newark, that Ohio wool was worth 35 cents this year. During the second day of the shearing at Wheaton, Ill., a call was made for a vote of those interested in wool, to get an idea of their opinion what wool should bring this season. Each person placed his name on a ballot with the price. On collecting the votes there was found to be seventy six votes; seven votes according to quality from 40 to 75 cents. Sixty-seven gave their votes at a single price for well washed Spanish wool at a range of 50 to 80 cents averaging 68 1/2 cents. One vote was for 65 cents in gold. The highest number at one price was 22, at 75 cents. There were 17 at 65 and 19 at 60 cents."

In Ohio, at their State Sheep Shearing they took a vote, every one to vote, wool-growers or not, and the result was an average of 78 cents as the fair price at which wool should be disposed of, by the wool-growers of the country are firm in their opinion that wool is worth a good price this season and according to the present price of cloth, wool should be one dollar per pound. We must be wide awake and the manufacturers will cheat us of our just due. My opinion is that speculators will not jump at wool quite so quick this year, as they have in the past fifteen years, he is willing to refer to any and all of his customers, for his fair dealing, and for the

S. L. JAMES, Jr., 120 West 12th St., New York.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE.—The colored people of the United States have inaugurated a movement for the erection of a National Educational Monument to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. The Rev. Henry Highland Garnet is President of the organization, and Messrs. Stewart, Dutcher, Cook and Syllax are on the Board of Resident Directors. The monument is to be a seat of learning, dedicated to literature and the arts and sciences, to be appropriated to the education of the children of free and freed blacks, and to be located in the District of Columbia. The object of the race, and to show, in a most practical manner, their honor for their lamented deliverer. An act of incorporation has been prepared for the next session of Congress.

CITY NOTICES.

THE CULTIVATOR OF CORN.—The large amount of corn to be planted this season, renders it necessary for the producer to have some improved implement for its cultivation. To meet this demand, I am now building "The Babier State" gig corn planter.

After six months experimenting with different models, we have one which we are willing should be put to the test, and that it should stand or fall on its own merits. A lengthy description does not seem to be necessary. We will simply say that we are confident it will perform all that any cultivator will, and all that any farmer will require of it. It has six shovels, or four, as desired. The shovels are so arranged as to cultivate wide or narrow shallow or deep; and they all have a very easy side motion. To say that they are made under the supervision of G. F. Lane, is a sufficient guarantee that they will be well made. In fact, they will be warranted in every respect.

The Badger State gig cultivator will be sold this season at \$50 at the shop.

Call and see it at the shop one block south of the Hyatt House.

R. J. RICHARDSON, Manufacturer. Janesville, May 5th, 1865.

my5d9wtf950.

SEWING-MACHINES.—Of the many inventions and improvements of sewing-machines, none have so satisfactorily stood the test of time and service as Grover & Baker's. They have taken the highest premiums at the recent State Fairs of fifteen States; they have, moreover, received the warmest encomiums from all persons who have ever used the machines, and those who have had opportunities to compare the different styles of machines, generally prefer Grover & Baker's to any other. They do the work neatly and well, do not get out of order, and are readily adapted to any kind of sewing. We would advise our lady readers, who are in want of a sewing-machine, to call at Grover and Baker's.

—Brooklyn Standard.

Offices—No. 13 Newhall House, Milwaukee, J. A. French, Agent. No. 3 Hyatt House Block, Janesville.

H. M. WRIGHT, Agent.

ap26d4wtf910.

MORRELL'S ELECTRA MAGNETIC FLUID.—It has been a scientific fact that disease is the result of the disturbance of the magnetic forces of the system. That being the case, the natural conclusion would necessarily be, that that which will restore a perfect circulation must be a specific. This electro magnetic fluid effects, on applying it simply to the surface. Its powers are truly marvellous. It is indicated in all cases where there is a lack of magnetic circulation, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, palsy, bronchitis, consumption, stiff limbs, swollen joints, spasms, cramp, fits, deafness, sore eyes, scrofula, syphilis, cancers, white swelling, prolapsus and other female diseases, &c. Morrell's Magnet Fluid is highly recommended for the cure of cuts, bruises, old sores and burns. If applied to a burn immediately, it will stop it from blistering, and take out the fire at once.

Prepared by Richmond & Morrell, Chicago, Illinois. For sale by E. F. Colwell, G. R. Curtis, B. Rider & Son, and C. B. Colwell, Janesville, Wisconsin, my27d4wtf950.

REMOVED.—Dr. Judd, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, has removed his office to north Main street, Bates' block, office formerly occupied by Bates & Nichols. All calls promptly attended in or out of the city. Consultation free.

ap21d4wtf906.

HOUSE WANTED.—In a good location, convenient to business, and containing from 8 to 10 rooms. Any person having such a house to rent will please address P. O. Box 134. mar14d4wtf97.

Janesville, March 27th 1865.

FOR BUSINESS EDUCATION.—Go to Bryant, Stratton and Spencer's Milwaukee Commercial College. "The best is the cheapest." The college paper is sent free to any address. dawlyre570.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—From this date the price of live is 30 per cent. less than former prices. R. Wood. June 15, 1865. jul6d3d

SODA WATER.—Drawn from the celebrated Nichols Fountain at Palmer & Son's, Lappin's Block, three doors east of the Postoffice. my31d4f

W. W. DEXTER & CO.,

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Janesville and vicinity that they have a good and well selected stock of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, Yankee Notions, GOLD PENS, TOYS, &c.,

which they are prepared to sell as low as any Jeweler in the west. Mr. Dexter is prepared to do all and every kind of

CLOCK WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING, on the shortest notice. Having had a

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE of 30 years at the trade, and having carried on business in Detroit and this city for the past fifteen years, he is willing to refer to any and all of his customers, for his fair dealing, and for the

accuracy of time that his watch and clock repairing has given them. DEXTER & CO., Main St., between Milwaukee and North 1st streets, Janesville, Wis. de3d4wtf958

TAX NOTICE.—Notice of the re-assessment of certain assessments for street improvements in the city of Janesville for the years 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867 and 1868, in pursuance of an act of Wisconsin, which was approved April 10th, 1865.

Notice is hereby given that I have made and compiled a list or schedule containing a description of all the lots or parcels of land returned to the treasurer of the County of Rock by the treasurer of the city of Janesville for the non-payment of certain assessments for street improvements in said city for the years 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867 and 1868, showing the amount of such assessments upon each lot or parcel of land in such of said years, including interest at the rate of seven per cent. from the time such tax or assessment was returned to the time of completing such schedule. That said list has been completed, and that it will remain in my office for the inspection of all persons interested, from the date of publication of this notice, to-wit: June 15th, 1865. S. L. JAMES, Jr., Clerk of the Board of Supervisors. jul20d4wtf921

GREEN'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR, the latest edition, with all other School Books in general use, for sale at lowest prices by

W. W. DEXTER & CO., SUTHERLAND'S Bookstore.

Miscellaneous.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

REDUCED PRICES!

The Best in the Market!

CYRUS MINER,

Manufacturer of

BOOTS & SHOES

Sign of the "BIG BOOT,"

Lappin's Block, Main Street, Directly Opposite the Myers House,

Has on hand an

EXTENSIVE STOCK

OF

LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Gaiters, Balmorals, Slippers, &c., which he is offering to his customers at

The Lowest Living Prices!

Also a large stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, HOGGANS, &c. for Men and Boys' Wear.

Janesville, June 17th, 1865. CYRUS MINER, jul17d4wtf924

CUSTOM WORK

On hand and made to order at the shortest notice, and at reduced prices. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch, and

Satisfaction Warranted in All Cases.

Remember the place, sign of the "Big Boot," opposite the Myers House.

Janesville, June 17th, 1865. CYRUS MINER, jul17d4wtf924

THE LITTLE CHAMPION REAPER!

PRICE REDUCED!

ONLY \$125!

The Best, Cheapest and Fastest Reaper for Two Horses now made. Call and see it on the lot.

Reck River Iron Works.

June 17th, 1865. JAMES HARRIS & CO. jul17d4wtf925

GOLD DOWNS! GROCERIES

VANKIRK & MEYERS,

Having formed a co-partnership in a general Grocery Business, at the Old Pioneer Store, near the Hotel of Messrs. Norris and Millington, on North Main street, respectfully announce to the citizens of the city and country that they have, and are prepared to keep constantly on hand a choice selection of foreign and domestic

FAMILY GROCERIES,

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest quality of goods considered. We always keep on hand the best quality of Meal and Feed, Oats and Corn. Goods delivered to all parts of the city free of charge. We pay Cash or Goods for Butter, Eggs, Ham, Lard, Potatoes, &c.</

WOOL AND HOP SACKING for sale at

FOR SALE—1 offer for sale my

FOR SALE—Two full building lots

FOR SALE—A stock of merchandise

BRUSH AND TOPS OF TREES

WHO WANTS A HOME?

BUILDING AND OTHER LOTS.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

100,000 POUNDS OF CHOICE

WOOD FOR SALE.—McKee & Bro.

TO RENT—For one or more years.

HANG THE TRAITORS!

FOR SALE.—23 wood lots situated

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE for a

REMOVAL!

WILSON'S MUSIC STORE,

Pianos, Melodians and American

ORGANS!

also all the latest publications of

COTTSCALK ON KNABE.

NEW GOODS

JUST RECEIVED

SMITH & BOSTWICK'S.

A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT

OF

SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHS

AND

CASSIMERES,

Embracing some of the

Very Choicest Novelties

IN

PATTERN AND STYLE

That have ever been exhibited in this city. All

of which having been purchased within the last week, we

are enabled to offer at prices that will defy any at

tempt at competition.

Customers are respectfully invited to call upon us

and examine the above goods.

April 17th, 1865. SMITH & BOSTWICK.

YES DOWN WITH HIGH

PRICES!

OWING TO THE

GREAT REDUCTION

Over the water, we are induced to come

STILL LOWER.

Which will defy competition from Chicago, Milwaukee

and all other cities from the great Photograph Fair over the

deep.

PRICE LIST.

Carte De Visite.....\$1.00 per dozen.

do.....1.25 " "

do.....1.50 " "

do.....1.75 " "

do.....2.00 " "

do.....2.25 " "

do.....2.50 " "

do.....2.75 " "

do.....3.00 " "

do.....3.25 " "

do.....3.50 " "

do.....3.75 " "

do.....4.00 " "

do.....4.25 " "

do.....4.50 " "

do.....4.75 " "

do.....5.00 " "

do.....5.25 " "

do.....5.50 " "

do.....5.75 " "

do.....6.00 " "

do.....6.25 " "

do.....6.50 " "

do.....6.75 " "

do.....7.00 " "

do.....7.25 " "

do.....7.50 " "

do.....7.75 " "

do.....8.00 " "

do.....8.25 " "

do.....8.50 " "

do.....8.75 " "

do.....9.00 " "

do.....9.25 " "

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do.....9.75 " "

do.....10.00 " "

do.....10.25 " "

do.....10.50 " "

do.....10.75 " "

do.....11.00 " "

do.....11.25 " "

do.....11.50 " "

do.....11.75 " "

do.....12.00 " "

do.....12.25 " "

do.....12.50 " "

Miscellaneous.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

THIRD SERIES,

\$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the

undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the

sale of United States Securities, offers to the public

the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and

three tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

7-30 LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865

and are payable three years from that date in currency,

or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.

COLD-BEARING BONDS

These Bonds are now worth a handsome premium,

and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds,

from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which holds

from one to three per cent. per annum to their value, ac-

cording to the rate levelled upon other property. The

interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached

to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any

bank or banker.

The interest at 30 per cent. amounting to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.

Two cents " " " \$100 "

20 " " " \$1000 "

\$1 " " " \$5000 "

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly

fulfilled upon receipt of subscriptions.

The notes of this Third Series are precisely similar

in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirtieth already

issued, except that the Government reserves to itself the

option of paying interest in gold coins at 6 per cent. in-

stead of 7-30ths in currency. Subscribers will de-

duct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the

time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the

Seven-Thirtieth will commence on the 1st of June, and

will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The right change made in the conditions of this

THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest.

The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to

the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments in the event of which

only will the option to pay in gold be available, of

world-wide reduction and equalize prices that, purchased

made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to

those made with seven and three tenths per cent. in

currency. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and its superior ad-

vantages make the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the

last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at

the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be sub-

scribed for within two months, when the notes will

undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly

been the case on closing the subscriptions to other

loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of

the country may be afforded facilities for taking the

loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private

Banks throughout the country have generally agreed

to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will send

their orders, in which they have convenience, and only

are to be responsible for the delivery of the

notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOPER,

Subscription Agent,

PHILADELPHIA.

Subscriptions will be received by the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Janesville,

ROCK COUNTY NATIONAL BANK of Janesville,

my24dwt19

THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000, PAID IN,

Fiscal Agent of the United States,

AND SPECIAL AGENT FOR JAY COOPERS, SUBSCRIPTION

AGENT.

Will deliver 7-30 Notes, free of charge,

by express, in all parts of the country, and receive in

payment Checks on New York, Philadelphia, and Bos-

ton, current bills, and all five per cent. interest notes,

with interest to date of subscription. Orders sent by

mail will be promptly filled.

This Bank receives the accounts of Banks and Bank-

ers on favorable terms; also of individuals keeping

New York accounts.

J. C. OLIVER,

President,

mar24dwt25

DR. W. BOVEE SMITH,

OF NEW YORK.

Practical Physician

FOR

CHRONIC DISEASES!

Date of Milwaukee will resume his practice at the

HYATT HOUSE, Janesville, Wis., Monday,

June 19th, until July 25th, 1865.

Chronic Diseases Cured with a

Few Operations.

But five to thirty minutes are required for inva-

riations of almost any curable Chronic Disease, and

so to speak the effect of many diseases is cured by

few operations, excepting Paralysis, Diphtheria, Erysip-

elas, and Consumption. So many thousands are already

cured with this method of treatment as practiced

by me that it seems unnecessary to say more than

that by it the vital forces become increased and

restored.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. Eliza Atkinson, Milwaukee, Partial Paralysis,

Liver Complaint, Heart Disease, 24 hours perfectly

restored and was not expected to live 24 hours perfectly

restored with a few operations.

Wm. Trench, Milwaukee, N.Y., complete loss of

voice, cured in 15 minutes.

James Kelly, Willow Creek, Ill., Partial Deafness

was perfectly restored with one operation.

John M. Stroud, Columbus, Wis., Partial Par-

alysis of left side, cured in 25 minutes.

Mrs. R. L. Smith, Freedom, N. Y., lost the use of

right arm by the use of a cane, cured in five minutes.

Mrs. C. Kelly, Milwaukee, Varicose Veins for 10

years, had rest without setting on; relief was

given with five operations.

Mrs. Eliza McGeary, Ripon, Wis., Ovarian Tumor,

of the size of the Ovary and Female Weakness, cured

with two operations.

Treatment for treatment always reasonable. Those per-

sons who cannot afford to pay, are cordially invited to

call Saturday afternoon at 10 o'clock, and without

charge.

JOHN BOVEE SMITH,

my24dwt25

TO PHYSICIANS.

Santonin,

Oxalate of Iron,

Solution Per Sulphate Iron,

Bromide Potassium,

Valerianate Iron,

Valerianate Quinine,

Labarraque's Disinfecting Fluid,

Nitrate Uranium,

Hypophosphite Iron,

Hypophosphite Lime,

Hypophosphite Soda,

Hydrocyanic Iron,

Oil Mole Fern,

Valerianate Ammonia,

Solution Chloride Zinc,

Tinct. Gelsemium.

A full list of Fluid and Solid Extracts,

Alkaloids, Resinoids, Pharmaceutical,

Sugar Coated Pills and Granules.

J. H. CAMP, Apothecary,

my24dwt25

TOILET ARTICLES BRUSHES,

Combs, Port Manteaus, Pocket Knives,

A good assortment at the

614dwt25

PEOPLES DRUG STORE

Miscellaneous.

THE CHAMPION

CLOTHES WRINGER.

The only Winger in use that is fastened to a tub

by the Patent

CURVED CLAMP,

Which has an equal bearing on the tub the whole

length of the Winger, while all other Wingers are

merely fastened to a single point at each end. The

Curved Clamp not only affords the most secure fast-

ening of the tub, but it also strains the tub like

any other method of fastening. A child of ten years

old can easily fasten the Winger to any tub, tub,

POCKET KNIFE OR BOX.

The rollers are fastened to the shaft under the

Patent, which is acknowledged to be the

Most Effective Fastening in use.

The shaft being curved with cement and closely

wound with strong twine, prevents the rubber from

coming in contact with the shaft, the roller is

drawn to come in contact with the shaft, the roller is

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